



VOL. HL. No. 25. GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858. [WHOLE No. 127.]

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
TO
BY MATILDA SMILY.

O! say not that friendship
Can wither away
Like flowers that blossom,
And fall in a day.
At least, let me dream,
That the friends I love best
Will love me through life,
Till I go to my rest.

I would not walk fearful
Life's desolate coast,
Mistrusting the friends
That I cherish the most.
I would not believe,
That the dear ones I trust
Would trample my heart
As they trample the dust.

No, no, let me rather,
Walk blindly along,
In kindness and trust
Through the world-shadowed throng,
Believing and hoping
Whatever I do,
That the friends I am loving
Are loving me too.

THE MINIATURE; OR, LIFE SCENES.

BY WILLIS MACLAY.

CHAPTER II.

Sat by the old fireside, and talked of love,
Another's love.

With trembling voice, he told the tale
Of crime and wickedness and woe."

"I was a happy throng by the old
fireside," indeed. Every eye was
bright, every face was lit up with
a smile, every heart was joyous
and free. No intruder was there,
no one to mar the happiness of
the family circle. "The agreeable
Mr. Gibson" had left the room
and had left no pang of sorrow or trouble
behind.

The picture of love was complete. The
fire's ruddy glow lit and warmed the room,
and showed to the enraptured gaze a fond
mother, a devoted sister, a loving brother,
sitting side by side in peaceful joy and
innocence and love.

In the corner sat the old pastor, looking
on the scene. The soft silken locks of
the brother mingled with the black tresses
of his sister, as they reclined upon each
other's bosoms, in mutual affection. Mr.
Dowell looked long upon such a lovely
scene, but shades of anxiety passed over
his benign face, betraying the troubled
thoughts within. Without prelude or preface
he proposed the blunt question:

"My dear Louisa, do you think Joseph
Gibson will make a good husband for you?"
The question had its effect. An involun-
tary shudder shook Louisa's frame, and
she will could not but feel it too. The sub-
ject, painful as it was, continually returned
to her mind, he could not banish it, al-
though it was the source of so much anxious
thought, and he listened eagerly for
his sister's answer. In the meantime her
face reddened and paled by turns, and she
knew not what to reply, but at last with
an effort she said:

"How hardly enough of him to say!"—
she could go no further.

Her mother astonished at the query,
asked, to assist her daughter so perplexed:
"Why, Mr. Dowell, you do not know
anything unfavorable concerning him, do
you?"

The pastor did not heed this last remark
but continued:

"And, Louisa, you are going to marry
a man, of whom you know very little?"
Louisa did not reply; the fact was, she
had not thought about it in that light;
she knew Mr. Gibson was a polite, hand-
some agreeable man.

Mrs. Graham repeated her query, that
she had proposed to Mr. Dowell.

A deep-drawn sigh was the only re-
sponse. Each again dropped into reverie,
and buried themselves into the world of
thought, that reposed in each brain. Their
faces were not so cheerful, nor their voices
as merry, as before.

Mr. Dowell resumed the conversation:
"Louisa, Graham, I consult your best
interests, when I advise you to defer the
marriage till after a month or two."

"A month or two," said Will. Graham,
rising from his seat with an astonished air.
"A month or two, you must wait long-
ger than that!"—and then as if waiting
the subject he asked:

"How long has Mr. Gibson been living
here?"

was hope, the bright cloud that led him
onward to honor and renown. When his
highest ambition was to be a man!
"To be a man!" what a theme! how
well worthy of the noblest minds and pur-
est hearts! Reader! ponder as you see.
Ask yourself as did this youth, "have I
been a man?"

Have you been conscious that to be a
man you must sacrifice feeling for prin-
ciple, the "bubble reputation" of life for
that honor which "endureth unto eternal
life?" Have you acted the man in private
as well as in public? and would you blush
to be found among the men of "principle"
and "reputation" of the present day? the
principle of policy than of propriety, of
popularity rather than right; the reputa-
tion that fades before the first sigh of ad-
versity. But we are digressing—

On whatever subject Will. Graham
would fix his mind, it would wander, wan-
der from the fields of freshening thought
or raptured fancy, from the ethereal realm
of imagination to the family fireside, to
the intruder, as he would still consider
Gibson, tho' he was his sister's betrothed
tho' he was praised by his mother. He
could not but notice the warning voice
within, "Beware!" he thought too of
Aunt Phebe's significant soliloquy of Mr.
Dowell's recent advice. He was afraid
that his mother had been flattered and
blinded by "that sick tongue of him."

In a moment of forgetfulness he mut-
tered:

"I wonder what that contemptible dan-
dy, Gibson, does for a living."

Mechanically or rather abstractedly, he
repeated the question, notwithstanding the
burning blushes of his sister, and the look
of awful surprise which his mother gave
him.

He immediately begged the pardon of
both sister and mother, apologizing as be-
came the occasion, but he could not fathom
or divine the meaning of the earnest gaze
which Mr. Dowell gave him, as he asked
the question:

"What is Mr. Gibson's occupation?"
There was no reply, and no one knew.

"I saw him the other morning as I
drove in on the steps of the 'House,' and
thought he was the bartender; but see-
ing, as I thought, a striking resemblance
to my old friend Louis Chester addressed him
thus:

"Strange," interrupted Louisa. "I
have so often thought him very much like
Louis."

"And so have I thought too," remark-
ed Mr. Graham.

Mr. Dowell's sorrowful sigh was all he
uttered, for they knew that he was think-
ing of his "dear boy Louis," as he fondly
termed him. All knew the sad story but
our young friend, and he therefore broke
the silence, asking:

"What in the world has become of
Louis? I have not heard anything of
him in a long, long time, did he run away
as I did?"

A tear trickled down each eye, but no
one essayed to tell the tale of his wicked-
ness. Will addressed the Pastor:

"Dear father Dowell, I did not mean
to touch a forbidden point, or to bring
forth those bitter tears, but can you ac-
quaint me with the story if—if?"

"Oh! yes, William," replied the old
man, steadying his voice. "I have told it
often, but will tell it again for your edifi-
cation and instruction, and may God grant
that you may never do likewise."

"Five years ago, Mr. Chester's nephew,
Robert Springs, you saw him before you
went away—what recollections that re-
mark brought up to all revisited this
place, and tainted nearly all the youth
with his wickedness and among them a
dear boy Louis. Robert Springs had de-
graded himself from the noble youth he
was before to a fend almost, the combin-
ation and essence of wickedness, and had
the peculiar tact of making himself agree-
able to young people, and of degrading
them while in his company to his own de-
based rank. He left after a short stay, to
the benefit of the village and the commu-
nity at large. Louis, however, remained
a type of him."

"On Saturday about three weeks or so
after the departure of Robert Springs, Mr.
Chester sent his son to the bank with a
small box containing three thousand dol-
lars (\$3000) to be deposited, there with
other funds left there formerly. Louis
went with it there, and returned; that
night he complained of violent pain, which
caused the family great uneasiness; be-
ing however better the next morning, the
family went to church, leaving only a ser-
vant to wait on him and fulfill his wishes."

"While all were absent at preaching,
Louis set this servant girl a good distance
for some trivial purpose which would de-
tain her some time. When she returned,
Louis was not there, he was gone, gone,
nobody knew where! She hastened to
the church to tell the dreadful news, and
his distracted father rushed home in an
agony of distress; his vigorous search was
useless, and the only intimation he could
find was a little strip of paper, which was
as follows:

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER AND ALL:
—I am dying and I have fulfilled my last
wish by placing myself in the deep bed of
the river. There I will be when you see
this. Your dear Louis."

Oh! the grief that overwhelmed him,
when he realized that his son had left him.
That he had left a self-murderer! Mr. Ches-
ter made every arrangement and exertion
to procure the dead body of his son, but
ere a week had elapsed he died from ex-
cessive grief.

"Mrs. Chester," though rendered
exceedingly sorrowful by two unfortu-
nate and terrible calamities, continued ev-
ery effort her husband had designed. The
expense was so great in renewing these
endeavors, that she made a draught on the
funds which Mr. Chester had deposited in
the Bank.

"Not a cent was there! and her grief
was increased by the astounding intelli-
gence that Louis had drawn out all! It
was needless to say that the body was never
found. It was the current belief that
Louis had run away with the money, and
this belief was confirmed by a letter re-
ceived by Mrs. Chester from her wicked
son about a year afterward. The letter
expressed great penitence for his enor-
mous crime, and a desire to come back
home, but that he had not a cent to pay
his way!"

"His kind-hearted and forgiving moth-
er sent the large sum of (\$1000) a thou-
sand dollars, to his address at Boston, in
order to defray his expenses, and to can-
cel his debts, should he have contracted
any. For two long years Mrs. Chester-
awaited the return of his son, but she look-
ed in vain. The next account of him re-
ceived, was a letter to his mother, dated
Havana, Cuba! Implored his mother's
forgiveness, he said: 'Having been taken
sick, violently sick in New York about a
year since' (it had been nearly four years
since he left M—) 'I was recommended
by physicians to spend the winter in
Havana, my health improved in no de-
gree, and even now I feel that death is
near. Dear mother, I want to die at home
in your embrace. Forgive your guilty
son and send enough money to bring me
home.'

"As might be supposed, the tender-
hearted, loving mother deprived herself to
a great degree and sent (\$500) five hun-
dred dollars to the wicked wretch. Noth-
ing has since been heard of him, except
through Joseph Gibson."

The old pastor stopped as if he had fin-
ished his narrative, but Graham begged
him to continue the subject, if it were not
too painful to him or too distressing to his
feelings.

Mr. Dowell resumed the narrative:
"About three months ago, young Gib-
son came here, with the following intelli-
gence. A few weeks before he had set
out for this place, a brother of his was
sailing in the 'Elmira' from Havana to
New Orleans in company with Louis Ches-
ter. The vessel sprang a leak, and with-
standing all exertions to the contrary,
it rapidly sank. The life-boat was full,
when Louis went to it, and there was no
refuge but to sink beneath the waves. He
hastily wrote a leaf from a book in his hand
he wrote two notes, and taking his pack-
ages from his pocket, he directed his broth-
er to send one to 'Miss Louisa Graham,
M—' and the other to his mother at the
same place. Joseph, having previ-
ously determined to settle in this place,
could easily deliver them to the persons
to whom they were addressed. The rest
you may find out for yourself."

As he finished the sad story his voice,
which was calm and steady, became near
the close tremulous and faltering, and
when he had ended, the tears, great splash-
ing tears fell on the hearth, as he bowed
his head in agony of thought.

Will, though shocked and astonished,
was anxious to find out the sequel to a
story so dreadful, and thus seemed to be
something beyond the curtains which Mr.
Dowell let fall at the close of his recital.

He whispered to his sister his yearnings,
and she then pointed to the pile of li-
kenesses lying on the table. He glanced
rapidly over them by the glimmering fire-
light; there was but one left, a small well-
worn miniature; he gazed at it with an
incredulous look; it seemed an old friend,
yet he doubted. He opened it and looked
with a fearful eye, and in a tone of deep,
unfeigned wonder he exclaimed:

"My God! 'tis Ellen Norwood! when?
how? where did he get it?"

"Here," replied Louisa, "here is the
note he sent."

He looked at the rough and ragged
piece of paper, dear by association, and
read:

"MISS LOUISA GRAHAM:—If ever
again you see your brother, tell him that
on my bedded knees, in the face of the
dangers that crowd around me, I implore
his forgiveness. I alone led him into the dan-
gerous road of ruin. Tell him to forgive
me and the awful crimes I have led him
to commit. Bid him remember the 20th
Oct., and tell him that I alone am respon-
sible for his guilt. LOUIS CHESTER."

He stood in rapt astonishment. Then,
looking heavenward, he said with earnest
simplicity:

"I forgive!"

He pondered upon the last act of the
terrible drama; he thought upon the dread
regrets, but his mind would wander, it
would contemplate the beauty and loveliness
of her whose misdeeds he clasped
with a convulsive ardor, that betokened the
state of his mind. Turning to his sister
Louisa, he said:

"Where and how is 'sweet Ellen'?"

"Happy in heaven," was Louisa's brief
but touching response.

Will, could utter nothing to this heart-
breaking answer. He looked aghast; with
a cool, incredulous stare he looked upon
his sister and then upon the soiled mini-
ature. Soon, however, he realized the
stern reality that death had visited and
taken away the one he so dearly loved.

Mr. Dowell comforted and soothed him
with sweet words of consolation. He bade
him look at the "great white throne" and
view those happy angels, worshipping
Him whom they adored, and asked, would
he take the lovely Ellen from their midst.
He told him to remember that she had found
a refuge from the trials and vicissitudes
of life, beneath the shadow of the Savior's
wing, where she could forever gaze upon
His glories. He reminded that it was His
will, and to it he must submit. How
sweet is comfort to the weary soul!

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good
in thy sight," was his submissive answer.

"She is happy in heaven," he contin-
ued and he bowed his head and the tears
fell fast and freely upon the lifeless re-
presentation of her who now tuned her
sweet voice, and swept the golden harp to
"the praises of Him who sits upon the
throne."

"Happy in heaven!" what a touching
thought! Sad and sorrowful in this val-
ley of tears, weary and worn by the trials
and troubles of life, how cheering the
thought, how full of hope to the Christian;
that he will be happy in heaven! Here,
we suffer with adverse waves, here misfor-
tune, sickness, peril the attendants of
Death linger near, here we weep tears to
ripen harvests of joy in the world ever
lasting, where all are happy all are
bright!

"Happy in heaven." It was a little
child that said it; innocent and full of
simplicity it clasped its tiny hands togeth-
er, looking upward, while a glow of heav-
enly beauty lingered around its bright eyes,
and sunny clustering locks, it murmured
"Praise God! make me happy in heav-
en!"

Pleased God to answer that prayer,
and ere the first nodded the blushing
flowers, he was taken to that happier clime,
and now the black winds chant a refrain
soft and melancholy, the sere leaves rustle
o'er the little grave!

"Happy in heaven!" Paint was the
echo thro' the silent room, of that feeble
voice; the wax finger pointed heaven-
ward, the blazing eye looked upward!
A few ill-clad, ill-fed children clustered
round the couch of their dying mother,
and listened to her counsel; each eye was
earnest in its gaze, to watch the last heaving
of the breast the last throbbing of the
weary heart! "I am going to heaven, I
shall be happy there," she said, to dry
those wet cheeks, to hush those choking
sobs, ere the echo had died away, her
spirit had gone to Him who gave it!

The supper bell rang, and the reveries,
occasioned by such sad and affecting stories,
"pleasing yet mournful to the soul," were
ended suddenly for no one had noticed
that evening had deepened into the "bonie
gray twilight," and twilight into night!

Alas! how much like life!
TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
A Day-dream.

BY IVA.

As I slept beneath a shady tree,
A gentle spirit came to me
Of sweet and kindly mien;
She gazed on me long with a pitying eye,
She uttered a whisper akin to a sigh,
And she smiled with a smile serene.

O! say, gentle spirit, why, why art thou here?
Why leaving the light of some heavenly sphere,
Hast thou come to this world of ours?
The fair spirit sighed
As she softly replied—
"The world, I am here;
'Tis but dreary to thee;
But list to my lay,
And I'll show thee a way."

"That is strewn with the fairest of flowers,
I cannot indeed give thee Fortune and Fame,
Endow thee with wealth, or ennoble thy
name;
But to those who will steadily walk in my
train,
There is strength in their trials, and comfort
in pain;
Through danger and hardship they never
complain.
They are strong in their trials and patient
in pain.
Wouldst thou follow my precepts—wouldst thou hap-
pily live?
Wouldst thou grasp what I offer my pleasure to
give?
Wouldst thou own the rich stone,
That Philosophers sought?
Wouldst thou learn what the best
and wisest have taught?
If such to acquire, be happy thy aim,
Know, sorrowful Youth, that Contentment's
my name!"

She spoke—and the form that was lately so
Grew dim to my vision, and faded from sight;
And whilst it was winging its heavenly flight,
I awoke with a start,
Resolved at heart,
That I never would forget, to the brink of the
gave,
The kindly advice, which the good spirit gave!

Good words like friends—had ones,
enemies.

Blessed peace, like flowers, while they
are fresh.

Reading for the Young.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY STEPHEN F. MILLER.

To be of service to one very dear to him,
as well as to young men generally who
might happen to read them, the author
conceived the plan of writing a series of
letters, addressed as above, through the
Southern Democrat. The first number
appeared on the 29th December, 1853,
and others weekly, until No. VIII., when,
owing to the removal of the press to an-
other town, the letters were discontinued.
They are here republished with the hope
of doing good—

LETTER II.

You should bear constantly in mind
that man is the creature of habit; and you
should also remember that now is the time
for you to establish your happiness or mis-
ery. Good and evil are before you, and
you are a free agent to choose either. If
you have seen examples of virtue and in-
telligence, if you have read of them, if
they impress you with a desire to copy them,
go to work on yourself; cast off sloth, fear,
and all morbid apprehensions of the future.
Resolve to be a man. Suppose difficulties
gather in your path, friends deceive, for-
tune persecutes you, a few silly heads pre-
dict your failure; what of all this? Are
you not the same, your motives as pure,
intellect as sound, your capacity to labor,
to improve, just as it was before this per-
secution? The fact is, you must wade
through seas of trouble; you must know
adversity, affliction, every form of trial, to
qualify you for successful action. You
must not look up to those above you in
wealth, station, and influence, and, by
comparing your emptiness with their abun-
dant, to accuse your Maker with partiality,
or your parents with indifference to your
welfare, in not providing you a fortune to
start upon. Rather be grateful that you
were born in an humble sphere, so that
you may have the satisfaction of elevating
yourself above it,—of competing with the
sons of the rich. Ten to one, you will
beat them in the race; for, while they
have weight to carry, you, light as a feather,
may dash on at the top of your mettle.

I know this view of the subject is not
generally sanctioned by the young, by any
classes who never stir themselves out of
a torpid, end-sleep routine of life. But,
my dear friend, discard this error at once.
I have kept thousands from realizing their
own strength, from knowing their powers,
their vigor of mind, their grasp of thought,
their deep and swelling emotions. All
these must be developed to complete char-
acter; the fountain must be unlocked for
character to flow. Listen to the great orator
Patrick Henry, who, writing to a friend
in misfortune, thus consoled him:—

"Looking forward into life and to those
prospects which seem to be commensurate
with your talents, native and acquired,
you may justly esteem those incidents for-
tunate which compel an exertion of mental
power, maturity of which is rarely seen
growing out of uninterrupted tranquility.
Adversity toughens manhood; and the
characteristic of the good or the great man
is not that he has been exempted from the
evils of life, but that he has surmounted them."

Hoping that such authority, added to my
own sentiments, will reconcile you to the
hardships of life as necessary to your own
well-being, I pass on to other topics.

I should rejoice to believe that I had full
possession of your mind, of your confidence,
that I might stamp on it lessons of truth,
of duty, and all the images which consti-
tute happiness. Then would I press be-
fore a course of reading, the class of authors,
the subjects, most conducive to improve-
ment. But I have reason to believe that
you allow me only a fragment, a little cor-
ner of your mind in which to deposit all my
friendly advice. The rest is dedicated to
a passion so pure, so proper, so perennial,
so plastic, so powerful, and, to carry the al-
literation further, I will add, so *perpetual*,
to young men, that I pause to hackle you
on the subject. Now, sir, I accompany you
on a visit to the fair, the girl you love, the
angel to make home a paradise.

You see you blooming girl in the party
circle, so radiant with smiles, health in her
cheeks, and beauty dazzling all beholders.
Sweetly she sings, and, with seraphic touch,
she wakes music from the piano or the
harpichord, to entrance every listener.
How gracefully she declines to sing more!
—her voice is injured by a cold: she is
afraid to cause pain instead of pleasure to
the company. Pressed on every side, all
pronouncing her execution elegant, she
resumes her music. Out gushes the melo-
dy, "Sweet Home," and all hearts are melted
with tender visions of the past, of the pa-
ternal fireside, where brothers and sisters,
and father and mother, rendered home, the
home of childhood, indeed sweet and happy
Then "Auld Lang Syne," and all eyes over-
flow. "Oft in the Silly Night" is warbled
with a tremulous voice; and young men
and young ladies, old men and old women,
present sigh as the shortest of life comes
up in review—the idea of lost friends, and
that "no part to meet no more forever."

Perhaps you have been entertained by a

planter, an educated planter, whose daugh-
ter has just returned from school; gay, love-
ly, and accomplished. Do you not worship
her? Do you not think her an angel, who,
wandering at twilight in search of a sister-
spirit, missed her way, and groped gently
on the earth to represent the society of the
skies and to gratify poor mortals with the
sight of perfection? Now you want to
hear another song, another tune on the
piano—other words: "Come, Rest in this
Bosom." Why young gentlemen, you are
crazy: that divine shadow, that musi-
cospirit from heaven, those notes of celestial
harmony, have addled your brain. Come,
let me sober you by a cold bath.

The fairy was a veritable human being;
yes, a woman; no goddess, no angel. Step
with me suddenly into her father's house on
business. She runs from us; but I had
a glimpse. The dear creature thinks you
are an angel, too, of the masculine species;
and she will appear directly, with angelic
tresses, with angelic color on the cheeks,
and a perfect angelic suavity of manner to
kill you on the spot. Here she comes,
even more graceful, more destructive in
her charms, more Juno-like, than when you
beheld her at the party. I wanted you to
see her *disabille*, at her work-table, hand-
ling family garments, visiting the kitchen
to see about dinner, regulating the furni-
ture, and taking the general care of the
house off the hands of her aged and infirm
mother. I wanted you to see beauty at
home, as a daughter, a sister, a friend,
a tender associate, that you might imagine
beauty as a wife, as a nurse. But I see
you are absent-minded, paying no atten-
tion to me; and so I will let you off at
present, with the understanding that I am
to finish my discourse on angels at another
time, when you shall have gained a little
more self-possession, more command of
your nerves, and more respect for my
counsels.

Now, dear friend, I leave you in just
such a reverie as I used to be in for hours,
for days, for months, at longer or shorter
intervals; and so fully impressed was I with
the divine qualities of woman, and so
humbly did I bow at her feet,—entertain-
ing withal so poor an opinion of myself,
of my person, of my worth,—that I was
willing to draw for a wife in a lottery con-
sisting of widows, old maids, pretty girls,
plain girls, all proper girls, mixed up to-
gether for Cupid to distribute the prizes
by the fairest rules of chance. Be you as-
sured that marriage is a lottery, with more
blanks than prizes,—blank men and blank
women in about equal proportion.

A BRIGHT EXAMPLE.—Many years
ago, in an obscure country school in
Massachusetts, an humble, conscientious
boy was to be seen; and it was evident to
all that his mind was beginning to act and
thirst for some intellectual good. He was
alive to knowledge. Next we see him
put forth on foot to settle in a remote town
in that State, and pursue his fortunes
there as a shoemaker, his tools being care-
fully sent on before him. In a short time
he is in business in the post of county
surveyor for Litchfield county, being the
most accomplished mathematician in that
section of the State. Before he is twenty-
five years of age, we find him supplying
the astronomical matter of an almanac in
New York. Next he is admitted to the
bar, a self-taught lawyer. Now he is found
on the bench of Supreme the Court.
Next he becomes a member of the Conti-
nental Congress. Then he is a member
of the committee of six to frame the Decla-
ration of Independence. He continued
a member of Congress for nearly twenty
years, and was acknowledged to be one
of the most useful men and wiser coun-
sellors of the land. At length, having
discharged every office with a perfect
ability, and honored in his sphere, the
name of a Christian, he died regretted and
loved by State and nation. This man
was Roger Sherman. We take particu-
lar satisfaction, now and then, in chroni-
cling the career of these self-made men;
and holding them up as bright examples
for the youth of our time to follow. It is
the best service a journalist can perform
for the good of the rising generation.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
STANZAS.

BY M. D. WILLIAMS.

I know no loved and cherished spot,
O! sorrow, where thou comest not;
No home, so beautiful and fair,
But thou hast found an entrance there,
No brow so calm, no eye so bright,
But thou hast dimmed its peerless light.

I know no friend with heart so free,
But sometimes yearns for sympathy,
And none, with circumstance so blest,
But sometimes feels the soul's unrest,
No gift so pure, with brow so fair,
But sorrow, thou hast nestled there.

Ye, who have felt its chilling night,
Perceive thy brow, and dim the light;
Till not a single ray was left,
To cheer the heart, of hope bereft,
Ye will forgive the mournful lay,
Of one, whose light has passed away.

And yet, another light is mine,
Not of the earth, it is divine;
And when in thorny paths, I stray
I point to Him, who is the way,
And when my earthly light is dim,
I turn me, to this light within.

Men are born with two eyes, but with
one tongue, in order that they should see
twice as much as they say. The same is
also applicable to boys and women.

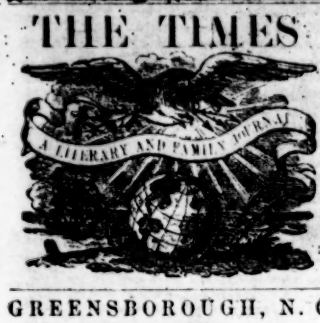
From the N. C. Journal of Education. Our Common School Law.

BY E. H. BROWN.

The general tenor of this law is good,
and we do not know that any very impor-
tant amendments, are to be desired. Evils
doubtless prevail in our Common schools,
but we are by no means certain that they
can be removed by amending the present
law. It is impossible to make a law that
will please all, and it is unreasonable to
expect legislation will achieve all that is
desirable in and of itself. A great deal
is yet to be done by the people, and
they have fallen much farther short of
their duty than their legislators. Some
content that the school fund is too small,
and would have us believe that the sum to
which each district is entitled is hardly
well receiving. When a greater amount
of money is annually distributed than a
State pays by way of taxation, we think
the people of such State have but little
ground for complaint. There are doubt-
less some who think that the State ought
to provide for their maintenance, but a
hope this opinion is not entertained by
men of intelligence.

Many of our school districts rely entire-
ly on the public money, and this we con-
sider the greatest evil attending the Com-
mon school system. The design of the
school fund is to assist the Common people
in educating their children, not to relieve
them entirely of the burden. Every child
ought to be taught to read, write, and
keep such accounts as necessary for the trans-
action of business; and this is all that
our Common school system proposes to
do. If the sum now annually distrib-
uted does not accomplish this object,
we are to inquire, before we pronounce
it insufficient, whether it is applied to
the best advantage.

Our people are too impatient; they
are indispensed to give the system a fair
trial. They hear of Common schools in
New England, where they have been
maintained for two centuries, and seem
to think ours ought to produce like re-
sults immediately. One hundred years
will be required to make our schools equal
to theirs, even with the best management.
The sparseness of our settlements forms
an insurmountable difficulty in perfecting
our system at an early day. In some dis-
tricts there are but few families, and they
are separated by natural impediments.
The districts are generally large, so much
so as to embrace families that scarcely con-
sider themselves of the same neighbor-
hood. Dissensions frequently arise, and
bad management of course follows. The
people of a district frequently disagree
as to the qualifications of a teacher, and
too often those whose wishes are thwarted
will not suffer their children to receive
instruction from the teacher employed.
Those in remote parts of a district some-
times imagine they are neglected, and
therefore exhibit but little interest in
school matters. Many parents are entire-
ly ignorant of letters, and entertain very
strong prejudices against all schools;
they have managed in some



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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C. C. COLE, EDITOR.

J. W. ALBRIGHT, EDITOR.

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Our Book to Be

JOAN OF ARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

A poem delivered at Wake Forest College,

North Carolina, June 12, 1857, by L. H.

Sutton, a member of the graduating class.

We are indebted to the author for a copy

of this poem, making a neat book of 21

pages. The inspiring theme had its due

influence upon the young author and some

of the lines glow with the effulgent pas-

sion, as if his mind was re-touched with

the same fervency that brought Joan from

her home of retirement to dare the deeds

of valor which had made veteran hearts

quake.

In better justice to the poem, we quote

a few extracts from some of the first pages:

"When a woman lifts

Her voice, some troubled sea to calm, or quell

Some raging storm, with generous hands, to

snatch

Stern sorrow's bitter cup from pallid lips,

And raise aloft the standard of her worth,

By acts of human weal, these ever glow

Upon such scenes, a vivid, constant light,

To mark this glorious era of the world.

While Peace, with gladdening smiles, had ever

cheered

The hapless spots of earth, there being 'er

A dark, portentous cloud, from every vale

Arose a mournful dirge, for joyous homes,

No longer basked in Fortune's genial rays,

As scenes of earthly bliss, but Terror stood,

A frightful spectre in their midst, with snarls

And taunts to mock the rain she had wrought;

And lifting high her voice, with fiend-like joy,

Her dismal song of desolation sung.

Her blooming fields now blushed with crimson's

gore,

And even Earth herself, groined loud beneath

The burden of the slain. Each passing breeze

Was vocal with the dying groan, bearing

On its bosom, besides a nation's grief,

A nation's wounded pride. Britain's Lion

Had crunched to make the fearful leap, and

Hope,

With wings outstretched, gazed far on other

shores,

When there arose a woman's soft but earnest

voice.

In plaintive tones and accents sweet, to stay

Hope's everlasting flight.

But now a maid of tender years, inspired

With heavenly zeal arose to solve alone

Side mystery: while men who well might boast

Of mental strength and sapient shrewdness, long

Had sought, their country to secure, against

Th' attacks of foreign, cruel foes, with shame

Acknowledged now, their wisdom far too scant

Th' impending doom of ruin, dread, to stay,

The throat of France was vacant.

The sacrifice

Was great. Her mental struggles followed fast,

She shuddered at her father's fearful oath,

That he would tear away his daughter's heart

And cast it bleeding at his feet, before

Her voice should sound the clarion notes of war,

Or e'er her fragile form, the num'rous hosts

Of man-at-arms should lead, though none but

she.

Could e'er achieve for France eternal fame.

But duty every doubt dispelled. She left

Her home, that home her heart so fondly loved,

And thus incurred an angry father's frown.

Yet this a sacrifice so great, she made

To save her country from unnumbered woes.

With eager step she hastened to the scene

Of strife. Though danger lurked around her

every

And trackless deserts lay with dreary hue,

To intercept her path, their gloomy haunts

Her tranquil spirit ne'er disturbed. Shielded

By him on whom she felt reliance placed

She reached the city of Orleans. At last

When doubt had failed to prove her mission

false,

She entered to address her king. And he,

Though ready to accept a nation's crown,

Yet feared that devil with this maid had leagu-

ed.

He gathered all the splendors of his court,

While yet a thousand torches' lurid light

Illumed the spacious hall, and lords and knights

With nobles of the realm assembled 'round

Life or Death?

Such is the startling head to a letter

addressed to the people of the U. States

by one MAX. LANGENSCHWARTZ, and pub-

lished by the European League, of the

city of New York.

As our opinion, as one of the public

press of the United States, is asked either

pro or con, we unhesitatingly give it. The

writer predicts a great revolution in the

whole of Europe in the year 1860; has

been writing of it for nearly twenty years,

and believes that marked indications are

now pointing to the correctness of his

prophecy. He begins his letter:

"The Universal Revolution against des-

potism and monopoly is near to its out-

break. The storm I predicted, 10 years

ago, for the next decennium, approaches.

A general hurricane of human liberty an-

noounces itself by heavy thunderclouds all

around the political horizon. Old Europe

still tortured and martyred by her mon-

archical despots, but tired of former revo-

lutionary leaders, who acted by cowardly

personal ambition, and finished as ridicu-

lous runaways, has turned her eyes towards

the true and only power which will save

her, to the people; and the victims of all

monarchical countries, having finally un-

derstood their true duty, prepare them-

selves for a struggle which will be a strug-

gle never witnessed before."

This is pretty, and 'tis pity the writer

so changes his tone as the letter advances.

But so it is, and yet not strange it is so,

for what does MAX. LANGENSCHWARTZ

know or care about the PEOPLE of the U.

States. The man that abuses the principles

of our government, the principles

taught us by the Father of our govern-

ment, and then suggesting a code in such

direct opposition, enforcing it with the

annunciation, "a sounder is he who re-

fuses to agree with me," is not worthy to

be the leader of the PEOPLE in the cause

of Freedom.

But he would be saved from the des-

potism of the crowned heads of Europe,

and with many long struggles, has learned

by sad experience with ambitious leaders,

as last to turn to the PEOPLE. If the

"people" will, have they not the power

to shake off the crowned head? And the

presumptive evidence is, if they do not,

it is because they as a people do not wish

it; or what can the Crown do against the

united body of the people? And as citi-

zens of the United States, it does not be-

come us to interfere in any revolutionary

struggle that may take place in Europe.

If we can manage our own ship of state;

steer her clear of the shoals at home, we

do well and should be thankful. And

when the people of Europe, as did the

people of the American Colonies, unite

and resolve to be free, they will be free.

The Mormons—The Indians—

And the Western Territories.

The following table of distances will

be of much value in the reading of dis-

patches from the far West, especially in

the absence of a map of the country.

The distance from Salt Lake City to

Fort Leavenworth is one thousand one

hundred and thirty-one miles. From

Leavenworth to Fort Kearney is two hun-

dred and eighty-six miles. From Leav-

enworth to Fort Laramie is six hundred

and nineteen miles; while Fort Bridger

is only one hundred and thirteen miles

on this side of the Mormon capital.

A St. Louis dispatch, dated June 9,

says:

"A Government train from New Mexi-

co arrived at Leavenworth this evening.

It left Santa Fe May 15th, and Fort Un-

ion on the 17th, in company with the mail

for Independence; Major Stein, of the

first dragoons; Lieutenant Hastings, Cap-

tain McFerran, of the quartermaster's de-

partment, with their families, on leave of

absence; also, Mrs. General Garland,

Messrs. Southwick and Sawyer, surveyors

Leisure Readings:

A few of the best things

WE FIND IN

Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

IN LITERATURE as in other professions

there are those that have not the nerve to

do right for the sake of right, but that

seek to be borne upon the popular current

of sumptuous ease, regardless of the evils

inflicted upon society.

One of the most guilty of this charge is

Eugene Sue.

Of the manner of whose every-day life we

present a short sketch, taken from the

French:

One of the most deplorable facts in our

present literature is its evident tendency

to socialism.

Publishers, like scientific cooks, will

serve the choice dishes to the public, even

if they contain poisonous principles. There

is not a hamlet, and scarcely a hut, where

such works are not found; and as long as

money is to be made by them, authors will

continue to write, regardless of the conse-

quences. The whole land is inundated

with their pernicious productions.

